THE NUPTIALS OF Britain's Genius and Fame.

A Pindaric Poem ON THE PEACE.

By Mr. *DENNIS.*

Neque Te ut Miretur Turba Labores. Hor.

Centum potiore ſignis
Munere donat. Hor.

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A Pindaric Poem on the PEACE.

I.

WHat Divine Rapture ſhakes my Soul?
What Fury rages in my Blood,
And drives about the ſtormy flood?
What makes my ſparkling Eye-balls rowl?
See, ſee the Goddeſs of the Lyre
Deſcending in Tempeſtuous fire;
Hence ye Prophane, be gone, retire;
She leaves not Heav'n for you:

But

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But for the few, the choſen few,
Who to her Sacred Rites belong.
Approach ye awful train,
And while I ſing a matchleſs ſtrain,
Which your Great Miſtreſs deigns t' inſpire,
Attend th' Eternal Song.

II.

Now, now ſhe rowls about my Breaſt,
And now aſcending in a flame,
To my aſtoniſh'd Soul imparts immortal light,
And now with inſupportable Delight,
She ſhakes my ſinking frame:
And lo! the Clouds are from my Fancy driv'n,
Which eclips'd the Child of Heav'n:
Which kept me from diſcerning Fate,
And viewing a ſublimer ſtate;
I ſee, I ſee, unbody'd Beings clear;
And lo the Gods majeſtick forms appear!

III. Oh

III.

Oh Tranſports of too Turbulent a Joy,
Which Raviſhing my ſoul my life deſtroy!
Eternal glories upon whom I gaze,
Who drown with your Empyreal blaze,
The glaring Sun's Meridian Rays;
Ye who can force to Mortals give
To wvie Eternity, yet Live;
Help, help me Gods to undergo;
This ſtormy pleaſure lightning in my mind,
A fiercer bliſs than Fate deſign'd
That living man ſhould know!

IV.

And Thou, Majeſtick God, and Thou!
On whoſe ſublime, yet lovely brow
Such dreadful graces ſhine,
With whom I ſee aſſembled now
Ten thouſand of thy bright celeſtial line;
Thou, to whoſe guardianſhip divine,
Fate and great *Jove*, *Britannia* did conſign;

Who doſt thy daring Sons inſpire
With ſuch a furious all-commanding fire:
Thy Godhead thro my Breaſt infuſe,
And add thy Towring ſpirit to the Muſe:
For who, O awful God, but he
Whom thou inſpir'ſt can ſing of Thee?
And celebrate with Godlike Flame
Thy Nuptials with eternal Fame?

V.

And thou, *Jove*'s Darling Child, Æthereal Fame,
Who brighteſt ſhin'ſt to mortal Eyes,
Of all the glories of the Skies;
Whoſe potent charms can all the Gods inflame,
And Men, reſembling Gods, enſlave;
For from the Love of Thee is ſeen to flow
Whate're is Great, and Beautiful and Brave,
In Heav'n above and Earth below:
For whom th' Aſpiring Warrior fights,
For whom the Godlike Poet writes,
With not a Mortal flame;
For whom the Soveraign of the Gods form'd this ſtu-
(pendous frame.

While

While to thy Lovers glorious Arms
Thou yield'ſt thy never-dying Charms,
(For Age, which makes all human forms decline,
Freſh force and luſtre adds to thine)
Be preſent to me, who thy Spouſals ſing;
Each accent thro thy Golden Trump reſound,
Spread it the Univerſe around,
And raiſe my Name on thy Empyreal wing.

VI.

The Bridegroom now, with Godlike ſtate,
On whom a thouſand ſhining Virtues wait,
And after him th' Imperial Bride,
Ten thouſand dazling glories by her ſide,
And all the Loves and Graces in her Train
That warm the world with genial fire,
And have force to infuſe deſire
Thro Land, and Air and Main.
Thither direct their wondrous way,
Where *Phœbus* with th' harmonious Siſters ſtands,
Phœbus, the God of Glory and the Day,
To joyn them in eternal bands;

And

And as th' Amazing pomp draws nigh,
The flaming Ruler of the Sky
Redoubling all his Rays,
And ſhaking his illuſtrious Temples, ſays.

VII.

O all y' aſſembled powers, who here
In pomp becoming this great hour appear;
Than which ev'n I behold no nobler ſight,
Ev'n I, the ſacred ſource of Light,
The worlds Refulgent Eye;
Who at one boundleſs view can ſee
What is, and what has been, and what ſhall be,
In Earth, and Air, and Sky;
Ere we to *Britain*'s loſty Genius joyn,
The Eldeſt born of *Jove*'s Imperial line,
Say, who the Honour has obtain'd,
VVhat God, or Goddeſs is by Fate ordain'd,
To give th' Empyreal Maid, to crown the Lovers flame,
And to the glorious God, conſign th' eternal Dame!

VIII. He

VIII.

He ends, the reſt ſtand mute a while,
But now with a tranſporting ſmile,
A Goddeſs ſtepping forth, before him ſtands;
The gentle Olive branching in her hands;
And as with charming pleaſure in her face,
And in her mien inimitable grace;
In ſweet harmonious ſounds ſhe ſpeaks,
With tranſport all their raviſh'd Souls ſhe takes,
The very God of ſacred Rage, with bliſsful Rapture (ſhakes.
Hear me, ſhe ſays, Ye pow'rs aſſembled Hear;
Hear me, ye Heav'ns, and thou Earth give ear,
When many Rival Gods of late
For this Celeſtial Beauty ſtrove,
It was the ſoveraign will of *Jove*
That I ſhould end the fierce debate,
And what's the will of *Jove* is Fate.
To *Britain*'s Genius then, for he
Of all thoſe Rival Pow'rs has done the moſt for me;
I give th' Empyreal Maid, and crown the Lovers flame,
And to the glorious God conſign th' Eternal Dame.

IX.

She ſays, and that Celeſtial voice
Makes the attending World rejoice;
That potent voice ſerenes th' Æthereal Sky,
Lo, thro the boundleſs ſpace the driving Meteors fly,
And pois'd upon their airy wings the liſtning Tempeſts lye.
That mighty voice on Earth below,
Makes raging Diſcord ceaſe;
And makes all wondring Nature know
The charming pow'r of Peace.
Tranſported Seraphs ſtop th' harmonious Spheres,
And all to that melodious voice incline their raviſh'd ears.

X.

Why then approach, illuſtrious pair,
Approach bright Fame, Celeſtial Fair,
(The Days Reſulgent God replys;)
Deſire of Gods and Men draw nigh:
Before th' aſſembled Nations of the Skys;
Thus in Eternal Golden Bands I tye,
The Raviſh'd Bridegroom to the Bride,
No Fate, nor length of days your union ſhall divide.

XI.

He ſays, thro all the Aſſembled pow'rs
Th' extatick Joy of Gods appears,
To the gay movement of the dancing hours:
The Seraphs now reform the Spheres,
The ſubjects of the Main record
The Triumphs of the Ocean's Lord;
And to the Muſic of the Sky
The Tritons on their chorded Shells reply.
And now while Plenty and the God of Wine,
Th' Ambroſial Marriage-Feaſt prepare;
Th' Harmonious Muſes raiſe their voice divine,
And raviſh Sea and Land, and Heav'n and Air.

XII.

And thus they ſing, thrice happy God,
Whom great *Apollo* joyns to Fame!
See *Jove* conſenting, with a nod,
That ſhakes this univerſal frame.
For ever in thy glorious arms
His faireſt, beſt belov'd muſt lye;

That

That Darling Daughter, that has Charms
To pleaſe his own eternal Eye.
Fair Peace, the ſofteſt of th' Æthereal line,
Peace gives her to thee with that charming voice,
That makes the liſtning world rejoice,
For the worlds happineſs depends on thine.

XIII.

Tune, Tune Celeſtial Harmony,
To that bleſt voice tune eve'ry joyful ſtring;
And Diſcord bound in Golden Chains,
T' exalt thy Triumphs, bring.
Let her in *German* and in *Belgian* Plains
From frantick Fury ceaſe,
And heightning each great Maſters noble ſtrains,
Proclaim the pow'r of Peace.

FINIS.